THE REVIEW.

A POEM.

INSCRIB'D TO

The Right Honourable the EARL

OF

LITCHFIELD.

--- *Ut possim Curvo dignoscere rectum* Hor. Lib. I. Ep. 2.

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THE REVIEW, &c.

REVIEW, my LITCHFIELD, with Regret Mankind,
Abandon'd Favourites, their M--- blind,
Stateſmen corrupt, and *Patriots* baſely loud,
All Slaves alike an undiſtinguiſh'd Crowd.
T--r--ts are Dupes to th' Engines of their Will,
And *Pr--rs* Tools to their low Creatures ſtill.
C--rt--rs of every Hue approve this Plan,
To ruin Millions ——to oblige *one Man.*
For *one* ſuch Funds are rais'd, ſuch Schemes purſu'd !——
Subjects were only meant for Servitude.——
SEE *Britons* Fleets and Troops, and Wealth employ'd,
Leaſt one poor ſcoundrel State ſhould be annoy'd,
All Oppoſition held an idle Jeſt,
And *Pit* in vain debates, and Lords Proteſt.
To C--rt, to Par---t, go where you will,
Deceit is Wiſdom, Trick is perfect Skill.
Simplicity in Commerce has no Share,
Quite an Antique, and in few Hands as rare.
Spirit is dangerous in Proſe or Rhime,
Loyalty Treaſon, Truth the higheſt Crime.
Frauds are ſecure, their Influence is ſuch,
Laws cannot reach them, nor Satyr touch.
Satyr, tho' VIRTUE's Friend, tho' ſtill deſign'd
To correct vitious Habits in the Mind.

This Iron-Age is not to be reclaim'd :
Whence are our Hopes ?——What Knave has been aſhamed?
Pope is no more, who arbitrary durſt
Laſh Proſtitutes when Foes, nor ſpar'd the firſt.
Peers, Knights and 'Squires ſtill tremble at his Name;
Heroes,—— that he has ſacrific'd to Fame.
VIRTUES in Foes alarm our jealous Thoughts,
And Friendſhip hides a Multitude of Faults.
Has Friendſhip not bedawb'd *Pope*'s brilliant Page ?
Truth in his Poems had reform'd the Age.
Too often in his Characters of Men
Favour, or Prejudice directs his Pen.
He to *ſome honourable Men* adher'd,
Who had been better cenſur'd, than rever'd.
Juſtice has been with Indignation rais'd,
When *Craggs* was ſo much *(a)* honour'd, wept and prais'd.
Of little *B--ſt*, what has he conceiv'd ?
My L--d no Soul ſuſpected,——all believ'd.
'Twas evident from every Day's Debate
Peter had long been knocking at the Gate.
His Zeal ſo rank, ſo furious was his Heat,
They promis'd more the Bankrupt, than the Cheat.
Fond to the laſt of fallen *B--ſt* ſtill,
He ſigns and ſeals the Friendſhip in his Will.
Why againſt *Bu--* ſo keenly ſhould he write ?——
B——ſt and *Bu--* alternately were right.
To *Orf----d* why ſo monſtrouſly benign ?
T' allow the Merit, not the Crimes aſſign.
Yet loweſt *Paxton* felt his ridicule,
And what was this poor *Paxton* ?——*Orf--d*'s Tool.

Such

Such idle dazling Vanity would ſhew,
Pope was admir'd by *Orf--d*——— *St. John*'s Foe.
HAS he this *St. John* not expos'd to View?
A Character, that every *Briton* knew.
Tho' *St. John* might aſſiſt, and form the *(b)* Plan,
Yet for his Hero an improper Man.
As *Pope* to *Gay*, was *Bolingbrook* to him,
Poliſh'd a Hint and methodiz'd a Whim.
Had *St. John* not adviſ'd him when to blot,
Pope had wrote well, but not ſo well had wrote.
Would he cruſh Vice, or raiſe a Virtue high?
From *St. John*'s Fund he had a vaſt Supply.
St. John beſt knew the WISDOM of the GOOD,
(In Theory let this be underſtood.)
St. John beſt knew the Follies of the bad,
Who could ſo well explode thoſe Faults, he had?
To correct, cenſure, or commend polite
In Action wrong, in Judgment ever right.
Shrewd to no Purpoſe, learn'd to no good End,
With all the Charms of Friendſhip, not a Friend.
To call him wiſe we muſt all Truth defie,
Tho' Angels ſhould aſſert it, 'twere a Lie.
View him a Whig, a Tory and a Peer,
He firſt ſerv'd *Anne*, and next the Chevalier.
Deceiving, baulk'd, he here ſoon Rebel grew,
And, finding hence ſome Grace in GEORGE, withdrew.
Debauch'd when young, too volatile his Parts,
When old, a faithleſs Prodigy in Arts:
In Poſt unſteady, arbitrary, wild,
When out, too late to *Britain* reconcil'd.

HENCE

HENCE the beſt Genius of this Iſle is loſt,
In Schemes, in Plots, in Party wreck'd and toſt.
In *(c) Pow'r*, tho' *Art* and *Caville* we may ſee,
VIRTUE can only have AUTHORITY.

WHEN to ſuch Idols, Poets Altars raiſe,
How dangerous, how criminal is Praiſe!
Since *Pope* ſhall live, when modern Bards are dead,
And no one Critick on his Lines be read.
How bright then *St. John* in the partial Page!
How honour'd ſhall he be, condemn'd this Age!

Oh! to theſe Lines could I Duration give!
Could they with *Pope*'s Concomitant ſurvive!
In *Senſe*, in *Wit*, tho' far ſuperior *Pope*,
Theſe ſettled Truths might for ſome Juſtice hope.
Some Honour to my Country might be ſhewn,
The flatter'd and the Flatterer be known.

HOW much deceiv'd *Pope*'s penetrating Soul
In *Ogl----pe*'s Deſigns from Pole to Pole.
Whoſe Voyages with *Homer*'s Verſion join,
Conceiv'd to raiſe ſome Glory and ſome Coin.

MANKIND it may be difficult to paint,
The Hypocrite has ſo much of the Saint.
Not all our ſublunary *Wit* can find
The inward deep Receſſes of the Mind.
But ſhould th' haranguing Patriot prove a Knave,
In Juſtice we recal the Praiſe we gave.
Has *Pope* emblazen'd *P-lt--y*'s publick Spleen?
Yet *B---h*'s Defection without Comment ſeen?

Yet

(c) The *Craftſman* has given us the true Diſtinction between *Power* and AUTHORITY; and we all know the Relation *St. John* has to the *Craftſman*.

Far from preſuming much I dare maintain,
His boaſted C--*rul*--*y* had given him Pain.
His Fav'rite *M*--*rr*--*y* he had liv'd to ſee,
The leaſt, the rankeſt Tool to Miniſtry:
Barter for Poſt his Pride and Eloquence,
Sacrifice Genius, and ſo torture Senſe:
For *Brunſwick*'s Troops his venal Voice employ,
Raiſe juſt Contempt, where *Pit* did honeſt Joy.
To ſee——this Pride, this Eloquence deſpis'd,
As much as both had Men of Taſte ſurpriz'd.
Yet to his *M*--*rr*--*y*'s, and his *B*——*ſt*'s Cares
He has bequeath'd the Weight of his Affairs.
WAS *Marchmont* added as a Check on theſe?
Parts, Learning, Conduct here conſpire to pleaſe.
In Judgment ſolid, in Reflection clear,
Marchmont, to our Regret, diſtinguiſh'd Peer.
Tho' he has gain'd th' unbyaſs'd People's Voice,
At *Holyrood* no Virtues fix a Choice.
THO' Juſtice in *Pope*'s Satyrs may be found,
Yet unprovok'd he has been known to wound.
Reſentment, too predominant in all,
Made from his Muſe ſome bitter Beauties fall.
Here *Cibber* will be proper Evidence,
Pope drew him quite eſtrang'd from common Senſe.
His Pen, do dipp'd in poignant Ridicule,
Proclaim'd the perfect Actor quite a Fool.
Who view the *Careleſs Husband* in juſt Light
Muſt own, how well the *Laureat* once could write.
'Twas not the *Laureat* rais'd his Spleen, but *Bays*
Cibber wrote much ſuch Odes, as *Pope* did Plays.

On t'other Hand how laviſhly is giv'n
To *Berkeley* every Virtue under Heav'n.
When Mankind may, without proclaiming *War*,
Condemn his *Whims* in travelling and Tar.
Is *B-rl--gt-n* for private Virtues ſhewn?
So private——— they are really ſtill not known.
Let him enjoy his Taſte in any Soil,
It may produce a Houſe, but not a *Boyle*.
How indolent our Poet has been ſeen!
How ſilent Satyr! how ſubſided Spleen!
When *John* harangued the Patriot in Diſguiſe,
Pope never call'd him able, great or wiſe:
Nor ſince his Re-acceſſion into Pow'r
Has prais'd hime once, or cenſur'd to this Hour.
Whence was the Abſence of each Paſſion here?
His Silence whence? ——He could not love or fear.
A Pr——r, whom no Flatterers commend,
Tho' high in Poſts and Parts, without a Friend.
Whoſe Plans, whoſe Miniſtry is ſo much blam'd,
They really make *Court-Paraſites* aſham'd.
Let *Britain* ſink, *John* ſhall the Goblet quaffe,
Let Patriots damn or threaten, *John* ſhall laugh.
On ſuch a Subject Poets juſtly dare,
'Tis great to ſtrike, 'tis criminal to ſpare.
And *John*, like *Orf--d* too, muſt have his *Wife*
For the laſt Droppings of enervate Life.
From *Orf---d*'s, oh! how different his Choice!
Was it like *Orf--d*'s, how we ſhould rejoice!
In Virtue's Bloom *Sophia*'s damn'd a Bride,
When *Skirrot* had an honeſt *Woman* died.

COULD *Sandwich*, early in his Country's Cauſe,
His Morals, Candour not inſpire Applauſe?——
On *M--rr-y*'s Arts who wantonly diſplay'd,
Has not a *Word* of happier *Sandwich* ſaid.
Whoſe Virtue, Spirit, Eloquence and Truth
Stagger abandon'd Age, and fire our Youth.
Ev'n Courtiers' honour'd *Worth*, *Pope* ne'er deſcrib'd,
And had divided with it, if not brib'd.

POPE's Friends will here forgive me, if I blame,
His Silence is a Satyr on his Fame.
Yet I this Truth in ſpite of Criticks, tell,
No Poet ever born has wrote ſo well.
Finiſh'd each Line, and conſummate each Plan,
In Verſe an Angel, tho' in Life a Man.

RIGHT Judgment from Compariſon muſt flow,
Since beſt by oppoſite Contraſte we know.
Hence we diſcover what is wrong or right,
We love Sir *WATKIN*, ſpurn a *Favourite*.

A Politician's from Example made,
Tho' Genius ſtarts what *Matchiavel* ne'er laid.
When *Britiſh* Schemes in *Matchiavel* we find,
Gr---lle ſhall be a Stateſman, *Tencin* blind.

IN Hiſtory an Inſtance may be brought,
Where Cobweb-Treaties bound, where Nations thought:
Where Subjects acted loyally their Part,
Where Kings (oh ſtrange!) their Subjects had at Heart.
G——e, *B——h* and *G——lle*, oh! ſuſpect me not!
For here are no Materials for a Plot.

THIS Truth is ev'n from partial *Rapin* gain'd,
Britain beſt flouriſh'd when a *Briton* reign'd.

Before the *(d) Norman* came we never knew
Fav'rites engroſſing all, nor coverſeu,
(e) Henry impos'd th' intolerable Load
Of aggregating Provinces abroad.
Our *Strength*, our *Wealth* were laviſhly employ'd,
While happier Foreigners the Sweets enjoy'd.
A maiden *(f)* Queen could hoſtile Schemes defeat,
Guarded by her Militia, and her Fleet.
No Provinces, no Territories gain'd,
But what her Ships, in ſpite of Foes, maintain'd.
Tho' ſhe had Faults——Nor could all *Cecil*'s Plots
Excuſe the Murder of the Queen of *Scots*:
Yet *England*'s Glory, and the Stateſman's Art,
And Hero's Spirit fir'd her *Engliſh* Heart.
Her *(g)* Couſin did the Throne ignobly fill,
Then *Scots* prevail'd, but they were *Britons* ſtill.
His *(h)* Son, now Liberty quite factious grown,
Truſted to weaker Heads, and loſt his own.
When Miniſters in honeſt Duty fail,
The Virtues of a King will not avail.
Intriguing *Charles*, like M——hs now, a Cull
Was full as lew'd as we are, not ſo dull.
Pleaſure prevail'd, th' Infection all imbib'd,
We brib'd no Nation, tho' ourſelves were brib'd.
Change of Religion when King *(i) James* eſſay'd,
Calvin muſt ſave that Church, he'd once betray'd.
Bleſs'd Revolution!——Its Reſults we ſee
All glaring in a numerous Progeny.
Then for Religion——Its Effects are plain,
For Fifty Millions Debt---we've juſt one Grain.

In (k) *William*'s Reign what vaſt Supplies we rais'd,
Faſted, were beat, and then ſung -----*God be prais'd.*
At length this Hero fell.---How chang'd the Scene!
Lo! *Anne* ſucceeded, *Anne* a *Britiſh* Queen.
Anne better much the vacant Throne ſupply'd,
Or right or wrong let Caſuiſts decide.
Now all our Troops with great Succeſs engage,
(Glories we hop'd for in the preſent Age)
Our Fleets were well equipp'd, our Armies paid,
And when we hired Troops, thoſe Troops obey'd.
Hence *France* was greatly ſunk, *Spain* ev'n ſubdu'd,
And hence we prov'd the *Auſtrian* Gratitude.
Bleſſings in Torrents flow'd, when *Anna* died;
For GEORGE *the Loſs abundantly ſupplied.*
The many Glories of his gracious Reign
Are all ſo clear, to mention them were vain.
So many, we could never hope for more,
But from *the preſent Excerciſe of Pow'r.*

THO' few the Triumphs, that our Armies grace,
Tho' Fleets return without once giving Chace.
MATHEWS prevail'd, when *L-ſt-ck* would not fight,
Yet MATHEWS is thought wrong, and *L-ſt-ck* right.
Critick in Signals, and in Orders nice,
L-ſt-ck would veil apparent Prejudice.
Did he not ſee his Admiral engage?
How mean are the Punctilio's of this Age!
Aukward he muſt on Diſcipline refine,
When two of his Diviſion broke the Line.

Had *L-ſt-ck* fought, the Conſequence were ſuch,
We had pronounc'd our Terms, nor ask'd too much.

MATHEWS th' united Fleets had ſurely beat,
Our Joys had, as his Conqueſt, been compleat.
France's Marine, and *Spain*'s had been deſtroy'd,
And *Europe* had from *Britain* Peace enjoy'd.
HOW oppoſite is the Contraſt we ſee?
All the Reſult of *L-ſt-ck*'s Treachery.
Britain has loſt that Influence *France* has gain'd,
And our Allies can never be ſuſtain'd.
Is there in *Britain* then one Man alive,
That dare defend this *L-ſt-ck*, dare forgive?
Then ſpeak out MATHEWS, the fell Frauds expoſe,
Be *P-lh-m* mark'd, be *F--ch* their Country's Foes:
P-lh-m for giving Cowards Countenance,
And *F--ch* for conſcious *(l)* Fraud and Indolence.
Thus *War* to *Britain* ſure Deſtruction brings,
War Bane of Subjects, and the Sport of Kings.
In War the guiltleſs die, the guilty live,
The Subject's Fate, the K--g's Prerogative.
At beſt pronounc'd a neceſſary Ill,
When Honour and Ambition gild the Pill.
Fatnaſtick Honour arbitrary Rules,
The Pomp of Soldiers, and the Pride of Fools:
The Stateſman's Maſque, the Priviledge of P--rs,
The Teſt by which the Bully lives and ſwears.
WHEN *Britain*'s Intereſt is the Object made,
Our firſt Regard, our laſt Concern is Trade.
Hence are our Sailors rais'd, our Fleets employ'd,
And while they are, we cannot be annoy'd.
ONE Circumſtance appears in its true Light,
The many here are wrong, the few are right.
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd by Turns with the ſame Schemes,
Our *Patriots* have been ſeen in all Extreams.
Candour will this Poſition well ſupport,
Our Natures change, when once we fix at Court.
From the Acceſſion, LITCHFIELD, to this Hour,
I've known the honeſt *Briton* out of Pow'r.
Let *Orf--d*, or let *Gr____ile*, rule the Roaſt,
The Poſt of Honour is a private Poſt.
This Obſervation who need urge to YOU?
Since 'tis YOUR *Happineſs* to know it *true*.

(*l*) In not ſupplying the Fleet in the *Mediterranean*.

30 62 SEP

FINIS.